

The VERLYN
Commencement
Number
1936

Lyndon Institute

A school of opportunity, where earnest, purposeful young people may gain an education at moderate cost. It offers. . .

College Preparatory Course

English Scientific Course

Commercial Course

State Normal Training Course

Household Economics, Art, and Agriculture

Teachers of training and experience give particular attention to the needs of individual students.

Special work is given to graduates of secondary schools who require additional preparation for admission to college.

School location. Large campus and beautiful grounds. Modern buildings and equipment. Excellent gymnasium. Strong athletic teams. Wholesome school life. Necessary expenses moderate. Scholarship aid extended to worthy students of limited means.

Inquiry welcomed. For catalogue or information address..

O. D. MATHEWSON, Principal — Lyndon Center, Vt.

Foreword

May this Commencement issue of the Verlyn bring back happy memories of Lyndon Normal in your hours of reminiscence. The Board wishes all success and happiness to each graduate of nineteen thirty-six.



The Mikado—February 6, 1936

Published by the Normal School, Lyndon Center, Vermont

VERLYN BOARD

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Another voyage of the good ship "Verlyn" has ended and our sturdy little boat has let down her anchor. All the crew have done faithfully the duties assigned to them and the Officers certainly appreciate it. We have had no mutinies and in the engine room, the wheels of Literature, Poetry and Humor have been oiled to perfection! Miss Wilson, our Captain, has advised us well and has seen that our "decks" were "swabbed" in the proper manner. We hope the Chief Inspector approves of our sailing system.

As the sun sets over the Lyndon Sea our ship heaves a sigh of relief and regret for we know this trip can never be taken again.



Principal Rita L. Bole

DEDICATION

To our principal, Rita L. Bole:

We are proud of your success in graduate work at Columbia University, where you have gained a Master's Degree in Normal School Administration.

We note with interest that you have been made president of the Teacher Education Club and that your scholastic ability has earned you membership in Kappa Delta Pi, the honorary society in education.

We have missed you in the life of L. N. S., both in our work and in our play; joyously we bid you WELCOME HOME AGAIN.

Faculty



MISS RITA L. BOLE

Principal

Middlebury College, A. B.



MISS RUBY BLAINE

Music

University of Vermont, B. S.



MISS HELEN DEXTER

Physical Education

Sargent School

MISS FLORENCE DREW**Dean, Acting Principal 1935-36**

Johnson Normal School; Summer School
at Clark, Winnetka, and Columbia
University.

B. S. in Education—Boston University

**MISS ALICE FERNOW****Acting Dean 1935-36****History**

Coe College, A. B.; University of Iowa,
M. A.; Graduate work at Chicago Uni-
versity, and Columbia University.

**MISS LORA FRISBY****English**

Western Teacher's College; Indiana Uni-
versity; Peabody College, A. B.; Columbia
University, M. A.; Graduate work at
Columbia University.





MISS ELIZABETH HOFFMAN
Psychology and Primary Methods
Cortlandt Normal School; Teacher's College, Columbia University.



MISS EDITH SMELKER
Science
Miami University, B. S.
Cornell University, M. A.



MISS DORIS KEARNS
Home Economics
State Teacher's College, Framingham,
B. S.

MISS ALICE WILSON**Sociology and International Relations**

Plattsburg Normal School, Middlebury
College, A. B.; Harvard University,
Ed. M.

**MISS CAROLINE WHITE****Education, Critic Teacher, Demonstration
School**

Ypsilanti Normal School, University of
Washington, A. B.; Stanford University,
M. A.; Columbia University

**MISS MARGARET LAWSING****Art**

Teacher's College, Columbia University,
B. S.; M. A.



Seniors

MYRTLE ALDRICH

Newport High School

Class President (2); Verlyn (1, 2); Glee Club (2, 3); Winter Carnival (2, 3).

**RUTH FARMER**

Lyndon Institute

Lyndon Normal School

Verlyn (3), "Mikado", Secretary and Treasurer of Class (3), Senior Play, Music Club.

**DORIS CRAFTS**

Bellows Free Academy, Fairfax

Swanton Training Class

Lyndon Normal School

Verlyn (3); "Mikado", Class President (3), Senior Play, Music Club.

**MARGUERITE CARROLL**

Brighton High School

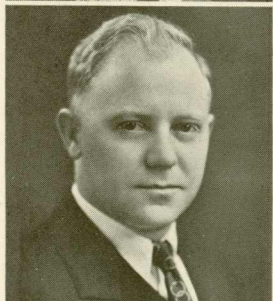
Winter Carnival (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (2, 3); Orchestra (2, 3); "Mikado".





LOIS HAM

Lyndon Institute
Lyndon Normal School



HARRY KENISTON

Lyndon Institute
Lyndon Normal School
Summer Schools U. V. M.
Senior Play, "Mikado", Verlyn (3).



LILLIAS MOORE

St. Johnsbury Academy



RUTH NEWTON

Hartford High School
Randolph Training School
Summer School U. V. M.
Glee Club (3), Girl Scout Leader.

LOIS PAGE

St. Johnsbury Academy

Verlyn (1, 2), Glee Club (2, 3), Winter Carnival (2, 3), Class Treasurer (1), Class Secretary and Treasurer, Student Council, "Mikado".

**JOSIE POMEROY**

Newport High School

Class President (1), Student Council (1, 2, 3), Verlyn Board (1), Glee Club (1, 2, 3), President Student Council (2), "Mikado".

**MARJORIE POTTER**

Orleans High School

Winter Carnival (3), House President of Bean Cottage (3), Student Council (3).

**ETHEL SIMPSON**

St. Johnsbury Academy

Plymouth Normal School, N. H.
Clark University, Worcester, Mass.
Summer School U. V. M.

"Mikado", Senior Play.





ELIZABETH STANTON

St. Johnsbury Academy

Winter Carnival (1, 2, 3), Student Council
(2), "Mikado", Verlyn (2), Glee Club (3).



LYDIA SWANSON

Holton School, Danvers, Mass.
Teacher's College, Salem, Mass.
Summer Schools U. V. M.

Book Club, Etiquette Club, Senior Play.



EDWINA TOWNE

Newport High School

Orchestra (1, 2, 3), Glee Club (1, 2, 3),
"Mikado", Winter Carnival (2), Basketball
(2).



EDNA TRUELL

Lyndon Institute

Lyndon Normal School

Summer School of Art, Boothbay Studios,
Maine

Verlyn (3), Senior Play.

DORIS WHITNEY

St. Johnsbury Academy
Lyndon Normal School
Summer Schools U. V. M.

Verlyn (3), Senior Play.

**EDWARD WILSON**

Lyndon Institute

Glee Club (1, 2, 3), Vice-President (3),
Orchestra (3), "Mikado", Senior Play.



THE SENIOR TRIPS VERMONT

"In Montpelier we visited a grocery store which looked very realistic with its boxes of all staple groceries. We were given toy money and made purchases from fourth grade pupils dressed as clerks. One of us successfully telephoned an order. In another room a little girl acted as hostess and showed us the points of interest in the pupils' community city."

E. L. T.

"At Orleans the sixth grade had been studying food. They had made a house on the sand table. The sides of the building were made of oatmeal, the roof was of graham crackers, the porch posts were sticks of candy, the veranda was a cake of sugar with a step of cheese. The lamp posts were parsnips with small onion lamps."

M. P.

NORTH CAROLINA

Church of God, Saints of Christ

It was only a small wooden building about as well built as a barn. We were welcomed very politely at the door and given some seats in the back of the church. We were entirely walled in by colored saints — big, small, old and young.

All the women wore long pleated brown skirts and blue silk waists. Most of them had rosettes in their hair. The preacher and a few of the more important male members had on brown cut-away suits. They were also decorated with long ribbons, such as prize cows win at the fair.

The quartet began singing and I never expect to hear anything like it again. Then came the march. The saints don't believe in dancing, but they were almost dancing when they went "back-stage". After stamping around awhile they all marched front and bowed to the preacher.

He told us that as long as we hadn't brought our dinner, we were free to go at anytime. We couldn't stay for all of the sermon because it was too late. As we came out I couldn't help thinking how much religion means to the colored people.

L. M.

REMINISCENCES OF THE TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY

No sooner said than done, "Liz" must have a name, "by gum". So the girls all argued back and forth until they agreed on "Pediculosis".

Nothing seemed to halt her, not even the red lights nor one way streets. One thing did stop her though; that was Ruth's scream. It all happened just opposite Whittier Hall where the girls were to stay for the week. It seems now, just a bad dream, for all are home safe and sound.

Talk about your city drivers; Miss Drew had them all beaten for speed. It was the attempt to keep her in sight that caused "Pediculosis" not to heed the red lights.

Riding on the elevators didn't make our hair stand on end, but oh boy! what it did do to our stomachs.

Then again, what must the natives have thought to see some of the girls run up the escalators? I can still see Lois at the automat trying to get a glass of milk. And the expression on Myrtle's face as she worked the dial telephone, I leave to your imagination.

The mad scramble in the subway stations as the throngs tried to shove their way on and off the trains is still a nightmare. Once we thought Ruth was destined to stay on the train forever. Before she could get off the doors started to close. Only the timely heave on the door by Whitney and the swift yank on Ruth's coat by Crafts dragged her to safety.

I have no idea of the number of times some were lost on the subways. The tales of woe are still leaking out. Just today I learned that certain parties had to hire a taxi to get back across the city after riding half the night in the wrong direction in the subway.

It was a mystery to me how most of the girls had blistered heels, but possibly it can be laid to new shoes and the sight-seeing walk through the slums on the East Side. Picture if you can, streets lined with push cards laden with fish, fruit, vegetables, clothes, old iron, and what not; sidewalks cluttered up by a sordid mass of humanity in the last stages of existence; all talking and cursing to the top of their lungs as they barter back

and forth. What a relief it was to board the elevated on Second Avenue, and get away from the smell of fish, food, and people.

They say variety is the spice of life. If it is so then we had plenty for we ate at automats and Beer Parlors at all hours; attended operas and Burlesque shows; Church on Easter morn and movies at night; Museum of Natural History and Zoological Gardens; Coney Island and Wall Street.

As for the glamour and magnitude of Radio City coupled with the dizzy heights of the towering skyscrapers — I leave that to your imagination, too!

H. K.

NEW YORK

The Ethical-Culture School

The most absolutely progressive system used in any New York school is found in the Ethical-Culture Center. The children come from the better classes: mostly Jewish population who can afford a high tuition. Their I. Qs. range from one hundred ten to two hundred and over. The children may obtain a complete course through high school preparatory to college. No teacher has over fifteen pupils in a class. This allows for complete freedom, the key note of the school. The course of study is centered around pupil interest. Each child is allowed to choose what he wishes to do, guided by the teacher. Discussions are carried on by the students themselves with the ideal teacher wholly in the background. The enthusiasts of this system sincerely feel that their graduates can compare creditably with those from other types of schools and that their pupils are better fitted to cope with present day and future problems of society.

E. S.

M. A.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Mystery of Room X

The railway station, built in Swiss chalet style, stood directly before us. Feeling the need of changing to heavier

blouses, powdering our noses, and doing other little things that ladies "en route" do, we labored to extricate ourselves from the car. Crouching in half-back tackle position, we tried to raise our chilled, numbed feet high enough to avoid the baggage. A camel going through the needle's eye had nothing on us, but finally we were firmly planted on the ground. Now for the rest room!

But where in this weather beaten chalet was the entrance? Not a soul in sight to ask! We divided and circled the building only to bump noses again at the starting point. In desperation we opened doors: R. R. Freight Depot, U. S. Post Office, Bell Telephone, Western Union. We ended up on the stairs to a private dwelling with no Room X in view. Here it dawned on us that the inn across the street was, after all, a public building whose keeper was, doubtless, behind the curtains giggling at our antics. In a body we charged it.

Before we left the inn one of our party announced that she was going to run this mystery to earth. She'd never seen a railway station without a waiting room to say nothing of Room X's. She asked the innkeeper point blank and found out that we should have passed over Federal territory to our goal. Room X was incorporated with the Post Office.

Well, well! On to the Big City where rooms is rooms and mysteries are bigger!

E. S.

RHODE ISLAND GLIMPSES

Three hundred years ago Roger Williams led his band of non-conformists to these shores. Today the school children of Rhode Island are preparing for Tercentenary Pageants, learning Indian chants, making posters and carefully stitching state flags of white, blue and gold.

In observance of this event, Rhode Island Garden Clubs, at the annual Flower Show in the Rhode Island Auditorium, have laid out an early village, complete from the water wheel to a tiny cemetery, hidden among the shrubs.

In the museum of the Rhode Island School of Design I found many lovely displays from different countries and periods. A French window of the twelfth century, in deep blue, red and white caught my eye. It was no less lovely than Italian glass in the same intense colors.

The thing I shall longest remember from my trip was the Boston Symphony Concert. It was their last program of the season, and people considered it the best. Their masterly renditions of Rimsky-Korsakov, Debussy, Respighi and Brahms were received with vast applause. I shall be a better teacher because I was privileged to listen.

R. E. N.

CHILD PLAY IN A MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL

Of the many schools I visited in Massachusetts, one is outstanding in my mind; this is the Winthrop school in Melrose.

Here they were very progressive and believed in activity units and child-directed work. In the "A" group of second graders we saw something very worthwhile and something that proved their primary aim in self-direction.

A short play entitled "Nancy's Dream" was written by the children and given to the other grades in Assembly the following morning. This was based on the "Dutch Twins" in connection with a Dutch Unit. One child announced the play and gave a brief description of it. The children not in the play had helped in making stage scenery, posters and had given assistance in many ways. Nancy had a dream about Holland. When she was asleep the following people came in: wooden shoes, cheese, butter churn, houses, canals, dikes and various others. It certainly showed what small children can do if they have the proper atmosphere in which to work.

Now "Lyndonettes" go thou and do likewise; it is much easier than it looks. Children enjoy the "work-play" idea and are much happier than when they are reciting geography paragraphs or diagramming sentences.

M. Carroll

"DESCRIBE HIM MY DEAR WATSON"

"Fire in each eye and papers in each hand,
All rave, recite, and madden 'round the land."

A Matching Test

Column 1	Column 2
1. Doris Whitney	----"Have you summoned your wits from woolgathering?"
2. Lois Page	----"I do not set my life at a pin's fee."
3. Lydia Swanson	----I am nothing if not critical.
4. Myrtle Aldrich	----"The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."
5. Harry Keniston	----"There are occasions, causes, whys, and wherefores in all things."
6. Ruth Farmer	----"The big round tears coursed one another down his innocent nose in piteous chase."
7. Elizabeth Stanton	----"Give thy thoughts no tongue."
8. Marjorie Potter	----"I will never yield to song of siren, nor the voice of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile nor the howling of the wolf."
9. Ethel Simpson	----"A merry heart goes all the day."
10. Marguerite Carroll	----"I would help others out of a fel- low feeling."
11. Josie Pomeroy	----"What e're she did was done with so much ease."
12. Edwina Towne	----"Let the world slide. I'll not budge an inch."
13. Edward Wilson	----"The grass stoops not she treads on it so light."
14. Edna Truell	----"Bid me discourse and I'll enchant thine ear."
15. Doris Crafts	----"But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in."
16. Ruth Newton	----"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now."
17. Lillias Moore	----"Wise men say nothing in danger- ous times."
18. Lois Ham	----"I am tied to the stake and I must stand the course."

SLUM PICTURES

Our Lady's cross is fingered by the sun who, slow to leave, goes
strolling down the west.

A woman, after factory work, pins to the line her man's shirt;
gropes in her basket and fills up the sagging line across
the filthy alley dark below.

An organ grinder tinkles sweet tunes that sing of far-off olive
groves beside clean waters.

A fruit vender curses the stinging dust a fickle breeze stirs up
while blowing dirty paper down the street.

The children whimper with the heat, the heavy traffic clangs,
the elevated screams and whines.

Behind Our Lady's tower white clouds pile high like snow.

L. W. Swanson.

"It is most true -- stylus virum arguit -- our style betrays us."
"Cudgel thy brains no more about it."

Key to the Test

(read down)

10	6	17	11	7	14
4	18	16	8	3	1
15	5	2	9	12	13

Juniors



GARNETTA ALLEN

Mikado; Verlyn; Dramatic Club; Commencement Committee; Valentine Dance; Jr. Class Play.

A certain dynamic dark headed young lass
Can upset the morale of most any class
Those characterizations, those witty retorts
Have cheered up more Juniors who felt out
of sorts.
We're glad you've decided to come back
next year
To brighten the faces of all those who are
here.



MARY AUSTIN

Commencement Committee; Easter Service Committee; Valentine Dance Committee; Orchestra.

Like a whish of the March wind, a dash of
the spring,
Is the kind of an entrance that Mary can
bring.
She's little and tiny yet she sure gets about,
Sometimes we're convinced that she'll wear
herself out.
She's the life of the party and when she's
around
Not one but a dozen admirers abound.



MARJORIE BROCK

Handicraft Club; Mikado.

Soft, brown eyes,
Lighted with a smile,
You'll find her company
Very worth while.
Studious and quiet as can be,
She's a pal to you and a pal to me.



ARLENE CAMPBELL

Junior Council member; Etiquette Club; Editor-in-chief of Verlyn; Dramatic Club.

What have we here I ask of you?
She's tall, she's blonde with eyes of blue,
She makes the Verlyn toe the mark
And has a feather-bed in which to park.
In chapel she shouts about library books,
But her actions betray her dignified looks.

MARJORIE CAMPBELL

Junior Council member; Pres. Etiquette Club; Mikado; Home Coming Committee.

Bang! another nickel into the pay telephone,
Now listen folks and you'll hear central
groan.

"St. Johnsbury, please," we hear a slam.
Must be Marjorie's calling up her bowling
man.

The most discouraging idea of this whole
thing

Is that he always seems to be
Absent when she rings.

**VELMA CARTER**

Glee Club; President of Student Council;
Class Play; Dramatic Club; Etiquette Club;
Luncheon Committee; Mikado.

A merry twinkle from sparkling eyes
An understanding smile
She's one we take our troubles to
Stay to chat with for awhile
And when you come from Velma's room the
things which bothered you
Don't seem so big and somehow you don't
feel so very blue.

**RHEBA COLBY**

Verlyn; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Mikado;
Gypsy Fires; Secretary and Treasurer of
Student Organization; Handicraft Club.

An atom of energy bounds up the stair
With two snappy eyes and a shock of blonde
hair

If you're in her way you must surely beware
For she'll push you aside with never a care
If there's work to be done you'll find her
around

And a person like Rheba you just cannot
down.

**MARJORY CURRIER**

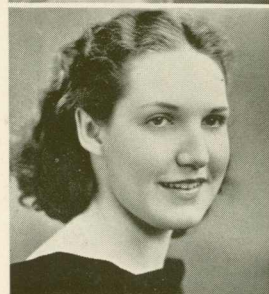
Dramatic Club; Book Club; Mikado; Verlyn.

We have in our midst a certain Marj. Cur-
rier

Who's generally late 'though we all try to
hurry her.

She powders her nose and she fixes her hair,
Adjusts a new scarf 'round her neck with
great care.

Yet after we've waited for time without end
We give her a welcome when once she de-
scends.





LUCY EDMUNDS

Music Club; Verlyn; Mikado; Glee Club.

A musical lass is our little Lucy
She saws on the fiddle with vim;
Though we know the sweet tones which she
coaxes for us
Are really intended for "him".
Perhaps in the future she'll travel de luxe
And ride to her school in a blue grocery
truck.



HERBERT ELLIOTT

Mountain Day Committee; Mikado.

Intellectual? Yes, you'll all agree
I'm sure, upon this point with me,
But bashfulness seems to reign supreme
And shuts out friendly female beams.
His expressions in poetry are really sublime
So we'll let that make up for his lack of
time.



ETHELYN FINDLAY

Commencement Committee; Verlyn; Gipsy Fires.

Whenever your tresses refuse to wave
And your temper's beginning to rile,
When the drawing assignment does cause
you to rave
And you simply can't conjure a smile,
Just call upon Ethelyn, she'll fix it all up
In her usual artistic style.



ENID FEE

Gipsy Fires; Valentine Dance; Commencement Dance; Verlyn.

Slender and peppy with fiery locks,
Enid is noted for undoing knots;
If you've mixed up your phone calls just
give her a ring,
She'll manage to remedy most anything.

ELLEN FITCH

Vice-president of Student Organization,
Parent's Day Committee; Dramatic Club;
Handicraft Club; Mikado.

A Jill of all trades
Is our president fair
When there's work to do
You'll find Ellen there.
The "midnite spreads" she used to make
In any man's country, would take the cake.

**KARLENE HAND**

Commencement Committee; Etiquette Club;
Handicraft Club.

Five minutes before a test begins
Karlene commences to study,
She dashes madly through her books
And seeks help from everybody.
We hope that tests won't worry her so,
Since into this wide world she now has to go.

**ALICE HOWE**

Art Club; Mikado.

A rattle, a crash, a bang,
She drives up in a blue sedan.
Into the library and then to school,
Hastiness seems to be the rule.
In nature, she knows all about birds
And of more wild animals than you've ever
heard.

**LIVA LONDRY**

Mikado; Verlyn.

Little Liva Londry came to Sanborn House
to stay,
Bringing all her cheerfulness and giving it
away.
She smiles on all the lonely ones
And made them all smile too.
When she's around in Lyndon town,
It's useless to be blue.





LUCILLE MAGOON

Commencement Committee; Mikado; Glee Club; Music Club.

A certain fair classmate of our — Lucille,
Has definite interests in Jeffersonville,
And each Wednesday night someone's sure
to remark
That it's drawing quite nigh unto seven
o'clock sharp.
And sure enough when the telephone rings
It's that waited for call that to answer she
springs.



ALICE McFARLAND

Glee Club; Mikado.

In need of a chauffeur? You needn't hunt
far,
Just call upon Alice McFarland's car.
She'll get you there over good highway or
rough,
And speaking of "come-back" she sure has
the stuff.
And so if with her you will cast in your lot,
For every appointment you'll be on the spot.



MADELINE RUSSELL

Handicraft Club.

Maxies even tempo
Makes everyone feel at ease,
She always tries her very best
To do the things that please.
I'm sure we all will miss her
When L. N. S. she leaves.



GRACE SARGENT

Art Club; Etiquette Club; Commencement Committee.

Little Grace Sargent, a virtuous lass,
Commutes from the 'Vill to and from every
class.
And some little bird has placed in our ear
A message that perhaps she's returning next
year;
And we know that in Lyndon our Junior
crowd
She'll represent so we'll always be proud.

EVELYN SMITH

Etiquette Club.

We scream, we yell with all our might
But alas her eyes are still closed tight.
She sleeps peacefully on through any noise
Except that made by Missouri boys.
Oh wake, oh wake my sleeping one,
You're surely missing lots of fun.

**DOROTHY SPAULDING**

Music Club; Mikado; Extension Week Committee; Verlyn.

A dignity just all her own,
An independent air,
Is shown in Dotty's stately walk
And the way she does her hair.
Yet underneath it all, it seems,
A lot of fun abounds,
And when you hear a merry laugh
You'll know that she's around.

**DALE SPENCER**

President Athletic Association; Etiquette Club; Music Club; Mikado.

Our clever young leader of Sports, Miss
Spencer,
Is a vigorous planner and active word
fencer,
At a school scavenger party or social she'll
shine.
And she furnishes Normal School many a
good time.
We surely will all miss having Dale about,
Of her success as a teacher we have no
doubt.

**MARION SUTTON**

Mikado.

A courageous person if there ever was one,
She's also just chuckful of fun.
She hustles from classes to and fro,
She always seems to be on the go.
Three cheers for Marion, we're all for you
And with flying colors hope you'll come thru.



**BARBARA TEMPLE**

Commencement Committee; Dramatic Club;
Mikado; Verlyn.

From the village of Lyndonville not far
away
Comes our friend, Barbara, day after day.
Be it rain, or be it shine
She usually arrives sometime before nine.
And when in history questions we ask
To answer them correctly is Barbara's task.

**DORIS WEST**

Etiquette Club; Mikado; Easter Service Com-
mittee; Verlyn.

Nonchalant, jaunty, the wise-cracking West
In argumentation can beat all the rest;
If you mention the country you'll hear her
explode,
It seems that she's partial to city abode.
Yet we hear from some source that her
summer vacation's
To be spent ah, alas, in a farming location.

**ETHEL WEST**

Commencement Committee; Etiquette Club;
Dramatic Club.

Young Ethel is one of the typewriting Wests
And away at the mimeograph grinds.
Often times you will see her in smock neat-
ly dressed
As she turns out those letters and lines.
She's always too busy to stop and to rest,
And she does well each task that she finds.

**MARJORIE WILLIAMS**

Commencement Committee; Etiquette Club;
Dramatic Club; Mikado.

A perfect type of teacher
This Randolph lass will be.
All her knowledge she doth bestow
On those less fortunate than she,
She helps each person with his work
And never does a duty shirk.

PAULINE WILLIAMS

Commencement Committee; Mikado; Etiquette Club.

Oo-oo-la-la, my little love,
And how are you my turtle dove?
These words are familiar to us all
From one quite beautiful and tall.
We all know you, Polly, for the good scout
you are,
And with your personality, you should go
far.

**RUTH KINSMAN**

Bradford, Vermont Thetford Academy
Glee Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Etiquette
Club 1, 2; Chairman Christmas Party Com-
mittee 2; "Master" Verlyn Circus 2; "Gypsy
Fires" 1; "The Doctor" 2; "Workhouse
Ward" 2; "Mikado" 2.

Ruth is that girl with dramatic art
Who has ability to take any part.
She's also noted for her ready wit
And willingness to do her bit.
If you should have a worried frown
It will be wiped away by this merry clown.

CLASS PROPHECY

Listen good people and you shall hear
Of a dream I had of a future year,
'Twas the early summer '55
And all of our class was still alive
Enjoying life on this great sphere.

I said to myself, before I awake
From this nightmare phantasy of mine
I'll ask the gods of sleep to fake
My classmates lives at this modern time.
The first old friend who caught my eye
Was Polly Williams shouting "Hi!"
She placed her hand upon her head,
And said "Oh, kids I'm almost dead,
I've just put all twelve tads to bed."

Then I chanced to glance across the street,
From whence came prancing horses feet.
In a miserable buggy built for two
Sat Doris West with her farmer true.
Bringing milk to town and butter, too.
And the hired hands behind them sat,
Now both were short and rather fat;
Marge Williams and Herbie for all of that.

From the other side of the street there came
A big Rolls-Royce with a lady fair,
Emerald eyes and Titian hair,
Which shone more brightly than a flame;
And there beside her on the seat
Another dame looked just as sweet.
They seemed surprised at sight of me;
Behold! our friends, Magoon and Fee!
I asked the girls of Dotty's fame,
With open mouths they soon explained;
It seems Miss Spaulding found it meet
To be a night club hostess gay,
To spend her time in naughty play.
A waitress at her favorite spot
Was Maxie Russell, believe it or not.

These things quite took my breath away;
But then they hastened on to say
That Karlene Hand had wed a King;
E. Findlay famed in Art, today
Had won a prize at Baffin Bay.
Ellen Fitch had traveled far
With nature columns for the "Star."
I have no doubt they were **divine**
For all her work was always fine.
As I was just about to start
I saw a sight which wrung my heart—
Arlene Campbell as a clown
Was turning handsprings round and round;
And Evelyn Smith on a flying trapeze
Both in the circus, just come to town,
And doing their stunts with the greatest of ease.

Barb Temple's hair has turned quite gray
Because of John, her long lost man
Who finds great joy at home; in truth he can
With Gracie Sargent's quiet ways.
That's not all, for here I find
Dale Spencer at the same old grind
Of catching a man that would spend his time
In listening to all "she" had to say.
Net Allen had left the village green
To try her luck upon the screen.
Alice McFarland her part had played
In preparing Netta for the scene.

It was closing time at Hutchins' Camp
As Ethel West I chanced to spy
A-making eyes, (the little scamp)
At a well dressed man across the way.
"He's got the dough", I heard her say
As she turned about to catch my eye.

I came to a church at the end of a lane,
A tone rang out on the evening air
I recognized the familiar strain

As Lucy's voice in the village choir.
Next on the list came Mary Brock
Who owned a little Beauty Shop
She fixed me up with clays and creams
And henna-rinsed my graying hair.

I hopped a plane — In the aisle I spied
A slim young girl who was glorified
With shining crown of gold-brown hair,
Mary Austin, hostess of the air.
I left the plane at Hollywood,
Where a new star was making good.
The name somehow caused me to start;
Ruth Kinsman, comedienne, bless my heart.
I found Miss Londry with lower grades,
Teaching current topics before a class
She was building houses, not of glass
But with cartoons as visual aids.
In a tiny house beneath a pine
I ran across a quaint old sign;
"Miss Colby's Rare Antiques For Sale",
And from behind a Chippendale
Out popped Miss Carter with a smile,
She said: "I've just been helping Chet
By killing tree bugs for a while."
Marj. Currier is waiting yet
For the ideal man she hopes to get;
Now can't you guess from all these reams
That she's the one who dreamed such dreams?

R. Colby and M. Currier

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS

A RESUME

Act I

Time: September 1934

Scene: Lyndon Normal School

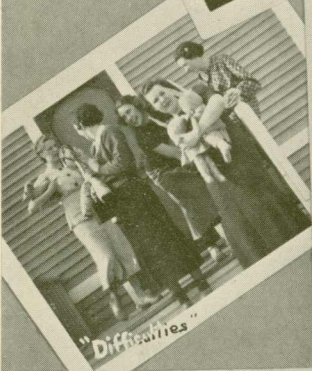
The characters in this play are Madame President, Dorothy Spaulding; Mister Vice-President, Herbert Elliot; Miss Secretary and Treasurer, Alice Dwinell; Miss Class Advisor, Miss Hoffman and class members.



Two Senior
Lads



Freshman



"Difficulties"



Our Dean
of '38



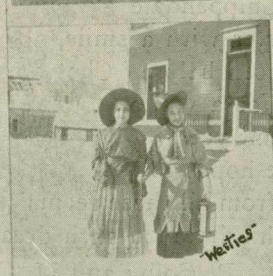
We hope y
photos
With all our
Behold Eddie
a Farmer
Now what sh
do?

Does Mona l
Harry?
Isn't Letha
see?
What makes
smile so
It might be
maybe.

How dignifi
look!
And the "V
they cute
We've tried t
moods
So we hope



Our Senior Pairs



"Weathers"



"Dorothy Spring"



"Ride the cowboy"



"We 4"



"Beanitos"

ou'll like our
little pets, too
and Ruth who's
ould a Plummer

ok like the old
a Fairchild to
the Beanites'
broad?
self-boarding,

d the Seniors
Vesties", aren't
? pose in all our
our photos suit.



The most striking scene of this act is one on the campus during the winter months. The whole normal school is present and a winter sports carnival is going on. Our characters are having a grand time laughing but, all the same, seem to be coming out the winners in numerous events. The skating events are exciting, especially the beginners race, taken by Rheba Colby, the "petite" of the class. This group also took the down hill salaam with Ellen Fitch coming out first. This scene closes with many cheers as the Freshmen take the carnival from the other classes.

The other special scene depicts the basketball games with Johnson Normal School. It seems strange that the Freshmen should make up more than half the team for Bernardine Seymour, Marjorie Currier, and Velma Carter are on the team and Dale Spencer is the Manager. This picture furnishes much excitement even though one of the games is lost to the opponents.

Act II

Time: June 1936

Scene: The same.

In this we add four new members to the cast, Liva Londry, Alice Howe, Mary Austin, and Marion Sutton and lose two, Bernardine Seymour and Edna Carter. A few of the parts are changed however, Madame President is Ellen Fitch; Madame Vice-President, Marjorie Currier; Miss Secretary and Treasurer, Marjorie Brock; and Miss Class Advisor, Miss Frisby.

This group furnishes one of the main characters of the "Mikado", an operetta given by the school. The part of the Mikado's son is played by the one boy, Herbert Elliot. We see one of the scenes from the operetta and find many of our characters posing as the Japanese men and women of the chorus.

Another scene of this act shows our characters welcoming groups from the other state normal schools and spending a day playing games and getting acquainted with girls and boys who are doing the same work as they are.

The outstanding scenes of this act are the ones depicting scenes from the practice teaching experiences of the class. These experiences vary from Hallowe'en parties to farm units, then

back to parties of sliding and sugaring-off. The members of the caste continue their club activities and good class work of the preceding year and all goes well. The last few scenes show a group dressed in old-fashioned apparel giving the play, "She Stoops to Conquer", others decorating a hall for the commencement dance and the last picture catches the whole troupe arrayed in caps and gowns proudly holding their diplomas. Thus endeth this play of the activities of a graduating class of Lyndon Normal School.

CLASS WILL

We, the undersigned, do hereby draw up our last will and testament, and do bequeath these gifts to the class of 1937.

Mary Austin leaves her pep, vim and vigor and, incidentally, her winning way with the opposite sex to Karlene Russell.

Dale Spencer leaves her nonchalance and happy-go-lucky spirit to Isabel Mugford.

Enid Fee leaves her ability to be contented with only one man to Kay Munn.

Barbara Temple and Marjorie Williams kindly leave their professional attitude and appearance to poor "Lola" Currier.

Arlene Campbell leaves her untiring efforts in the library and on the Verlyn to Kenneth Stockman.

Pauline Williams leaves her ready wit and inimitable tongue to Karlene Exley.

Lucille Magoon kindly leaves her diamond to Alice Cass.

Madeline Russell leaves her serene calm outlook upon life to Martha Patterson.

Ethelyn Findlay leaves her artistic ability to Marjorie Ford.

Dorothy Spaulding leaves her gracious manner to Beth White.

Rheba Colby leaves her even temperament to Betty Hubbard.

Garnetta Allen leaves her dramatic ability to Deane Bullock.

Herbert Elliott leaves his reserved and bashful manner to Henry Ford.

"Marj" Currier has decided to leave a little of her height to "Bun" Ford.

Velma Carter leaves her well organized notebooks to Dorothy Cowling .

Lucy Edmunds leaves her red bow tie to Henry Ford.

Alice McFarland leaves her car to Elsie Rollins so that her journey to school will be easier.

Grace Sargent leaves her penetrating voice to Elsie Tucker.

Karlene Hand leaves her strength and vim to Marjorie Smith.

Doris West leaves her love for the metropolis to Bernice Webster.

Marjorie Brock leaves her domestic traits to Esther Beck.

Marjorie Campbell leaves her position at Miss Frisby's to Marion Blaine.

Ellen Fitch leaves her office as chief cook and bottle washer at Sanborn teas to Mona Aldrich.

Alice Howe leaves her car to Harland Merriam.

Liva Londry leaves her initiative to "Curt" Lamberton.

Evelyn Smith leaves her ability to sleep indefinitely to Flora Osgood.

Marion Sutton leaves her independent nature to Wilma Garron.

Ethel West leaves her position in Miss Rudd's office to Letha McLam.

Respectfully submitted,

Enid J. Fee

Lucille M. Magoon

CLASS GIFTS

To Mary Austin we present an anchor so that she will have something with which to hold her many male admirers.

To Marjorie Brock a siren so that she will no longer have to exert her vocal organs in order to awaken her roommate in the morning.

To Arlene Campbell a pocketful of pennies so that some of the enormous debt owed by the Class of 1936 for library books may be paid.

To Marjorie Campbell a bowling alley so that she may practice before trying her luck at Portland Street.

To Velma Carter an instructive book on "How to Grade N. Chester."

To Rheba Colby the Nobel Prize for 1936.

To Enid Fee an airplane so that she can go home evenings to Newport and will not have to wait until week ends.

To Ellen Fitch a piece of "string" in hopes that she may find a profitable use for it.

To Ethelyn Findlay a snare drum so that she may enter the orchestra at Washington next year.

To Marjory Currier an alarm clock in hopes that she may get places on time next year.

To Lucille Magoon a house in Arlington Square.

To Dorothy Spaulding an extra hour of time so that she will have some time to herself.

To Madeline Russell an electric dish washer so that she will be freed from some of her toil and labor in the dishpan.

To Dale Spencer a package of dates so that she will never be without one.

To Evelyn Smith a sense of humor.

To Marjorie Williams a pair of padded slippers so that she may walk with a lighter step and not disturb her neighbors.

To Pauline Williams a turtle dove so that she may distinguish that from a tadpole.

To Ethel West a pair of dancing feet so that she may have no more trouble along that line.

To Herbert Elliot a yeast cake so that he may rise to the occasion.

To Garnetta Allen we give a pacifier to keep the children quiet while she entertains on Saturday nights.

To Alice McFarland we give a perfect man so that she'll have no trouble in deciding which one she likes best.

To Grace Sargent we give a bag of kisses since she says she's never had any.

To Karlene Hand we give some life savers just in case the canoe tips over some night.

To Barbara Temple we give a rolling pin since she expects to embark upon the stormy sea of matrimony. We trust that she will use it to a good advantage.

To Mrs. Sutton we give a Big Ben polite alarm clock that won't disturb other members of her household, but will get her up so that she may reach school in time for chapel.

To Mrs. Howe we give a generous supply of tires so that she won't have to stop and pump her old ones up on the way to school.

To Doris West we give a few acres of land in a nice isolated area of Vermont for her prospective farm.

To Liva Londry a "Hoodsie."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

You can "believe it or not" but we have heard that:

Doris West is thinking of spending the summer on a farm in Kirby.

Enid Fee spent the week end of January 10th at Sanborn House and Howard didn't come down.

Alice McFarland walked from Sanborn House to the Institute instead of driving her car on April 28th.

"Marge" Currier was the first member to get into History class on November 3rd.

Dorothy Spaulding was seen riding a bicycle up and down the main street of Lyndonville.

Ellen Fitch has refused to make the tea for the Faculty Tea.

Garnetta Allen didn't have an answer for Miss Frisby in English class on February 20th.

Karlene Hand is campaigning for students to come for third year.

Lucille Magoon has taken only four "nights out" this year. We recall last!

Pauline Williams wouldn't accept a date this entire year.

Mary Austin actually **asked** "Fee" if she could use her lipstick.

Marjorie Brock was heard shouting from her room down to the self-boarders cupboards on December 15th.

Arlene Campbell made the mistake of getting up at 6.45 instead of 6.50 one morning.

Liva Londry had her car in Lyndon for a week without using it.

Maxie Russell had to be spoken to by the Dean for being noisy in the corridor.

For one entire week Marjorie Williams didn't get up early to study.

CLASS POEM

Memories

'Tis not the end of all,
'Tis but the real beginning.
When we leave in June, we'll take away
A golden heritage of memories;
A still, clear night, the deep blue heavens ablaze
With countless stars, Orion, Sirius;
A gorgeous sunrise over snow-capped Burke;
A golden sunset in the western sky above the pines.
Our memories of our school are dear,
Our friendships dearer;
But hark! The great, wide world is calling loudly,
We must go.

L. Edmunds

SONNET

What are you, World? Why do you roll, Earth-ball,
And float forever in a sea of light?
Why spin among the stars, and never fall
Or deviate in your predestined flight?
What are you, Time? What is the master clock
That regulates the space of night and day?
How long has surf dissolved the stubborn rock,
And licked the rim of continent away?
I witness sunlight overflow the dark,
And wonder at the truths I cannot find,
Like some night-moth attracted by a spark,
Bewildered by the flame that leaves her blind.
These marvels are so far beyond our skill
That man seems blind as moth, or blinder still.

Herbert Elliott

AN UNWRITTEN SYMPHONY

In the still, dark hours of the night
When distant stars shed pure, serene, white light,
I lie in peaceful slumber, sweet and deep,
When heavenly music rouses me from sleep.
I lie, afraid to move, 'tis mine alone;
No mortal could produce such perfect tone.
The beauty of the stars is mirrored there;
A world of joy is there, a world of care;
The peace and solitude of forest air.
There is in it the sweetness of the flowers;
The cleansing purity of summer showers.
Ecstatic waves of joy o'er me roll;
That symphony, unwritten, fills my soul.
It passes, and the last note dies away—
'Twas mine alone, and yet perhaps someday—
Oh God, that I might write that symphony,
That all might love its pure harmony;
And feel, as I, God's gift of peace and love
Sent down to us — a glimpse of Heaven above.

L. Edmunds

Freshmen



"Freshmen"



PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL

One day with very little thought,
I decided to take a little walk.
Over my shoulder I gayly threw
My bow and arrow so bright and new.

I'd show Jim Smith with his new gun
To have bow and arrow, I was the one.
I very proudly stepped along
With little in my heart but song.

Ah, listen to my tale of woe
And never try to make a show.
I shot my arrow in the air,
It fell on earth, I knew not where.

The very next day with rage profound
The man it fell on came around.
In less time than it takes to tell
He showed me where that arrow fell.

He told my pa with seeming joy
That he must spank his naughty boy.
And now I do not greatly care
To shoot my arrows in the air.

Flora Osgood

A DESCRIPTION

Destiny rests like a heavy shroud over the weary form of the old lady waiting patiently at the information booth for time has not dealt kindly with her, and good fortune appears never to have visited her home. The crowd is milling around her, yet, with the quiet patience with which she accepts life, making no sound, attracting no notice, never moving except to draw her worn shawl closer around her frail shoulders, she waits. Sad and neglected she stands but wait; she turns a beautiful pair of eyes upon me and my meditations are broken for now I see in those love filled eyes that she is somebody's mother and he is coming home.

Isabelle Mugford

PORTRAIT OF A NEWSBOY

Slowly he turned away from the bars. The haggard face and tortured eyes he saw there twisted and warped his little soul. A tear squeezed out and with a grubby fist he brushed it angrily away. Pain untold shown in the tragic eyes lifted to the guards curt "Move On!"

Only eight years, only a child, yet so sad, so alone and so hopeless. Where was the Savior of little children his father had ta'ked about? He had let justice throw an innocent father into prison for a crime never committed. He had left a small child with a selfish and greedy mother who cared nothing for him but the money he furnished for liquor and cigarettes. He suffered severe punishment if this money was not forthcoming.

Head low he made his way along the dirty streets. The cold wind cut through his ragged and threadbare clothes like lightning through a sheet of paper. He shivered. Grief, no

supper and a dry crust for lunch had left a queer gnawing ache in his stomach.

He opened the door of what looked like a condemned apartment house. All was darkness. The clammy coldness chilled him to the marrow bone. No welcome, no food, not even a fire awaited him. He placed his meager earnings where his mother's greedy eyes might easily fall upon it and crept away.

He crawled between the dirty quilts on the floor and sobbed into the darkness. Finally he sank into an exhausted and troubled slumber. There was no rest. The struggle went on. Something was pulling him down, down, down, into the depths. It would have been so easy to go but a haggard and troubled face appeared and called him back. "Wait, wait for me. You musn't leave me alone."

He awoke in the early dawn, weary and sick at heart. His mother had not returned and cramming two crusts of bread in his pocket he stole out into the cold grey dawn for the printing office. The cruel wind had brought a storm of sleet and snow which cut his face and blinded his sight. He was grateful for the warmth of the printing office.

With a bundle of papers under each arm he set out for his corner. The wind tossed his voice and carried his call down the street: Papers, Papers — Bandit Escapes — Post — First Edition — Papers, Papers — (\$.02) two cents sir — Papers. Trade was poor. People did not leave the warmth of their fireside on such a day.

All day he stood in the cold. He wasn't even missed at school. They were rather glad to be rid of him for his pinched face and stricken eyes made them uncomfortable. It grew too late for a visit to the jail. He dared not go home. He had sold barely enough papers all day to pay for his crusts of bread. Darkness fell and still he stood there. He didn't mind standing there. In fact nothing mattered. The hot then cold chills wiggling up and down his spine all day had ceased to annoy. And the dragging pain in his chest had wandered through his whole

body making his feet heavy and his head dizzy. A policeman tapped him severely on the shoulder, "Move on boy."

Dragging one foot after another he made his way home. He had no sense of time or direction but, as a wounded animal, instinct led him. He knew not when he reached shelter but was grateful for the meager warmth of the ragged quilt before he sank into exhausted sleep.

There were no kindly arms around him, nothing to keep out the cold. There was no mother's longing to soothe his weary soul, only the storm and the driving rain on the roof.

He struggled again, but he could no longer see the face and hear the call. Instead a new voice called and beautiful music soothed him. The gentle voice called "Suffer little child, come unto me!" He saw a vision, a kindly face and beside the vision was his father, no longer haggard and haunted but smiling and arms wide. With a happy sigh he tripped to meet them.

A quiver passed over the little form and then lay still, Outside the storm had subsided. The rain had turned to snow which fell gently as though fearing to awaken the little figure. All was peace.

Isabelle Mugford

MINUTES

An excursion train was making a run from Whitefield, New Hampshire to the World's Fair at Chicago. They were going down grade at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The fireman had let the firebox get low. Now he was shoveling coal rapidly.

The train kept on at the same rate. They were getting nearer Devil's Gap. There high, jagged rocks rose on both sides of the track. Just beyond the gap there was a curve. It was necessary to go quite slowly at this place.

Was the engineer sleeping at his post? "Wake up," the fireman shouted. The engineer did not move. With one leap the fireman covered the distance between them. The engineer's scraggly hair had fallen down over his white face. His hands were stiff. He was dead.

Cold sweat appeared upon the fireman's brow. With a great heave he pushed the engineer's dead body away from the seat.

Once more there was a brawny hand upon the throttle. He pushed it in and pulled at the brake. The train was going at a moderate rate when they rounded Devil's Curve beyond the Gap.

He glanced at his watch, they had lost time. Could they reach the sidetrack before the Boston to Portland bound train came? The train fairly flew as he pulled the throttle. How had they lost time? The train had gone faster than usual except for a few minutes. He glanced at the engineer's dead body and wished that someone would come.

Town after town whizzed by. Another thought came to his mind. There was no fireman. Would the coal last? Wasn't one death enough? Perhaps the train would stop. He could hear the imaginary screams of women and children, who were now so happy. He pictured the scene after the two trains met.

Straining his eyes to see if there were any trains in the distance yet, he kept the throttle open.

Like a heavenly vision the sidetrack appeared in the distance. He pulled at the brakes and the train slowly stopped.

"Came pretty near being a wreck didn't there?" he cried to a man at the near-by station in a quavering voice.

"Why no," was the casual reply. "You're five minutes early."

AN ANCESTOR OF WHOM I AM PROUD

I have, I believe, an ancestor far back on my family tree who can be claimed by all. Some of us refuse to recognize the relationship and become hotly angry or highly indignant when-

ever it is mentioned. Nevertheless the fact remains. So why is it not best to look it directly in the face and say, "Things might have been much worse?"

I, for one am proud of this, my lonely ancestor. I think with pride of his stature and physique. Like all feminine creatures I admire height and strength. This million times great grandfather of mine stood over seven feet tall without his shoes. His shoulders were not as broad as one might wish but his arms were wonderous to behold. They dangled far below his knees. In fact they reposed limply on the ground if he chanced to pause for a moment in meditation. His legs were short and greatly bowed but I overlook them with a smile. Are not bow legs the mark of an intelligent child who walked before the proper age?

I pause again when I picture his jaw. Long and prominent it was and cut on those lines which spell determination. He seldom, if ever smiled to display his strong, white teeth, which, like those of many of our closer relatives, much resembled fangs. His deep set, thoughtful eyes saw everything, every ripple of grass, every tremble of leaf. His ears also were small; and though that is commonly thought to mean stinginess, I interpret it as thrift.

One thing greatly in favor of my long ago father was his appetite. He ate anything, anywhere. His hostess never felt the embarrassment caused by a finicky guest. He never worried about his waist line — neither did he consider going on a diet. Judging from past experiences I must say that he would be the model visiting relative.

His evening clothes, as well as those worn everyday, were simple but costly. Never did he indulge in cheap blue serge or flimpsy white linen. Day and night his apparel was of that material known as "monkey skin", now much coveted by society ladies.

His method of travel was most unique. Packards and V8s meant nothing in his active life. He swung lightly and rapidly through the cool green leaves, now raising his powerful hands — now that graceful appendage at the end of his backbone known to us as a tail.

This which I have described, I claim as my grandfather several hundred times removed. A grandfather who lived humbly and honestly, who fought fairly and often -- who was victor every time except one. He was an old grandfather on that day when he lost. But he left a long line of descendants to come down through the ages and be proud that he died "with his boots on."

When I look, with no disrespect, on our present relatives and our posterity I can say that he is one of whom I can honestly be proud.

Kathryn Munn

TO BURKE MOUNTAIN

You stand so beautiful, so grand, so solemn, so serene
Somehow I think you're trying to teach us how to live,
You reach forever toward the vast blue floor of heaven
And to the world your greatest beauties give.
Ah, Burke, your lofty majesty is one small piece of God,
And so is man, and so is sod.

Bernice Webster

APRIL

Here comes a friendly shower
Which will make a little flower
Lift up its fair, proud head.
It will make a living bower
Near a musty, time-worn tower,
So April giveth life unto the dead.

Bernice Webster

THE SEA

Whenever I'm filled with self-conceit
I like to go down to the sea and meet
Myself as I really am,
Only a pebble — just one man.

I like to sit on the cliffs so high
That it seems my head is touching the sky;
To gaze at the turbulent sea below,
Seeking the truths I long to know.

As I sit alone with the sky and the sea
A sweet, calm peace steals over me,
Taking the burdens from my weary soul
Unhappy and lost, a lamb from the fold.

The whispering waves, so wild and free
Whisper an age old story to me.
They tell of heroes, bad and bold,
And buried treasures of silver and gold.

It tells me of hardships, joys and of strife
Just like I find on my sea of life.
It fills my soul with a longed-for rest
And urges me on to do my best.

It restores the courage that I need
It can bend my soul like a slender reed
And now I can go back to the world again
A happier, wiser, and better man.

WORD PICTURES

The sleepy, dusty little village looked care-worn and neglected from its long vigil as guardian of the eccentricities of the desert at whose edge it stood.

—Alice Griggs

Name	Handle	Hangout	Ambition	Hobby	Pet Expression	Favorite Song	Motto	Famous for
Mona Aldrich	"Snuggles"	Front Parlor	To be a Fiji Islander	Chasing rainbows	O Letha!	I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket	Let yourself go	Dancing
Esther Beck	"Becky"	At the neighbors	Play first fiddle	Riding a bicycle	Wal!	The Touch of Your Lips	Do what you do when you feel like it	"Art"
Marion Blaine	"Marion"	Boston	Waitress	Chauffeuering	Well now!	Bye Bye Blues	Boston or bust	Getting places on time
Dean Bullock	"Dean"	East Burke	To learn to dance	Studying	Well I don't see	Little Blossom	Be prepared	Studiosness
Alice Cass	"Alice"	Barton	To travel	Bacteriology	Well I think	My Alice Blue Gown	Smile and the world smiles with you	Opinions
Zeda Chaffee	"Zedie"	Ethel's car	Sunday School teacher	Doing lessons in class	Oh! my	Wake Up and Sing	Never do now what you can do later	Laughing
Shirley Chase	"Shirt-tail"	Lola's Room	To rest in peace	Making scrap books	Why worry	Yes We Have No Bananas	Better a days rest than knowledge	Brains
Dorothy Cowling	"Dot"	Boiler Room	To own a Ford	Riding to St. J. and back	Oh! Henry	Oh Give Me a Date in a Ford V8	St. J. or bust	Arguments for St. J. A.
Viola Currier	"Lola"	Movies	To be able to play a harmonica	Collector of anchors	Hey Grass Ears	Don't Give Up the Ship	Never do to-night what you can tomorrow	Streamline laugh
Thelma Curtis	"Curt"	Bakery Shop	To be a good cook	Making Cookies	Now girls	Lookey Lookey, Here Comes Cookie	Rolling Stones gather no moss	Freckles
Karlene Exley	"Kay"	Bean	To be an opera star	Giving advice	I don't know	Sleepy Head	Do or die	Singing
Wilfred Elliott	"Teddy"	Room 21	Bigger and better bluffing	Driving a coupe	Atrocity after Atrocity	Let Me Call You Lizzie	Let's wait	Argumentative ability
Henry Ford	"Walter"	Behind a screen in art room	To be quiet for five minutes	Teasing the ladies	Matrimonial atrocity	Alone	Smile and the girls laugh at you	His name
Marjorie Ford	"Dick"	Lola's Room	To reach high places	Taking pictures	My bones are so sore	Lazy Bones	Don't worry	Art
Marion Ford	"Bun"	Bean	To sing	Dancing	It makes me so mad	The Wearing of the Green	Let Pat	Efficiency
Wilma Garron	"Mishie"	Institute	To recite	Singing	My! Heavens	Beautiful Lady in Blue	Wake up and sing	Grin
Alice Griggs	"Al"	Holland, Vt.	Be a writer	Ping-pong	Oh! Land	Lovely Lady	Don't cross bridges too soon	Adjectives
Marguerite Hovey	"Ada"	Bean	Go to a Dance	Driving a car	Now listen	Let Me Call You Sweetheart	Never walk when you can ride	Car
Raymond Lamberton	"Curt"	Ye Olde Tavern	Minus	Ringing the door bell	By the lifting	I feel like a Feather in The Breeze	Bark is worse than a bite	Voice
Hilda Martin	"Hilda"	Library	To get all A's	Farming	Well!	I've Got a Feeling Your Foolin'	Be prepared	Saying right things
Letha McLam	"Lee"	Room 40	To have a Fairchild	Studying	I don't know	There's a Tavern in the Town	Never give up	Oral reports
Kathryn Munn	"Kay"	Front Porch	To own a full length Mirror	Writing letters	After all girls	Jimmy Had a Nickel	Do your darndest	Wise cracks
Isabelle Mugford	"Katrina"	Kitchen	To get thin	Collecting junk	Hey!	I feel like a Feather in the Breeze	Never take advice	Size
Flora Osgood	"Flip"	Doris's Room	To grow tall	Horseback riding	Now you know you like me	Join the Navy	Stop, Look and Listen	Bothering people
Barbara Page	"Page B"	The Halls	To be a detective	Riding horseback	Is that so	Blue Danube	Let's hurry up	Giggling
Martha Paterson	"Pat"	Smith Cottage	To get a man	Washing dishes	My bones are so sore	The Broken Record	I'll get my man	Climbing
Marjorie Peake	"Margie"	Tea Shoppe	To be Young	Staying out of school	Oh! my	Love Me Alone	Silence is golden	Good springs
Elsie Rollins	"Elsie"	Room 36	To live near Alpa	Walking	Oh! gee	Linger a Little Longer	Jog on	Adjectives
Karlene Russell	"Karl"	Library	Higher Education	Making booklets	Don't take my word for it	When I Grow Too Old To Dream	Work for 11 is coming	Units
Lillian Sawyer	"Lil"	Art Room	Giving key of A flat	Writing post cards to Woodsville	Our cats are so cute	Moonlight and Rosies	Never get absorbed in Grandpa's chair	Kittens
Elinor Scott	"Tillie"	Barton	Hollywood	Dancing	Oh! my	Let's Face the Music and Dance	Lawyer's houses are built of fool's heads	Finger waves
Evelyn Sheltra	"Shrimp"	Greenwood's	To grow up	Collecting movie programs	Well, if they will I will	Sailor Beware	You go and I'll follow	Stearn looks
Marion Simpson	"Simple"	Pierces Mill	To be the first woman president	Doing art	I haven't looked at it	Lost	Love me love my car	Jokes
Marjorie Smith	"Margie"	Home	To be an orchestra leader	Change coiffures	Gee!	Bicycle Built for Two	Rhythm in my nursery rhymes	Hop dance
May Stevens	"Stevie"	Plymouth	Learning to roller skate	Riding	I've got to go to work	I'll Be Following In Your Footsteps	Love thy neighbor	Dance
Kenneth Stockman	"Ken"	Ye Olde Tavern	Learn to sing	Singing	Time is up	Gay Cabellro	Follow the fleet	Forgetting
Harland Merriam	"Carlton"	Creamery	To be a second Fred Astaire	Throwing erasers	Blow me down	Lights Out	Never do that which others will do for you	Dancing
Alpa Swett	"Alp"	Mrs. Howe's car	To teach English	Biology	By cracky	That Golden Haired Laddie of Mine	Work for the night is coming	Dramatics
Elsie Tucker	"Elsie"	Library	To keep the library quiet	Talking in class	Holy moses	Whistling in the Dark	Silence is golden	Demureness
Clara Webster	"Claire"	Danville	To have Moore	Eating peanuts	Get out of here and let me study	Moonlight and Rosies	Be good be happy	Petti singing
Erma Whitcomb	"Whit"	Bean Cottage	To have more sleep	Eating	You don't know	My Alice Blue Gown	Be good and you'll mis- sa lot of fun	Economy
Elizabeth White	"Beth"	Arlene Campbell's Room	To fly	Tennis	Act your age but don't creep	Red Sails in the Sunset	Never do anything you can help	Singing Popeye
Bernice Webster	"B. Webb"	Guess???	To eat potatoes	Writing poetry	Oh! no I won't	Pal O Mine	Love many trust few	Making stoves run
Betty Hubbard	"Betsy"	Movie theatre	To be Queen of England	Doing nothing	What again	What's the Name of That Song	Hitch your wagon to a crown	Red hair

What a world of fascination there is in a road, a winding ribbon, smoothly paved or rutted and bumpy, bordered with billboards or trees, that beckons toward adventure and romance, forever calling and persuading us.

—Elsie Rollins

The talkative old "model T" came sputtering and choking down the lane trying to be as conspicuous as possible. Puffing and boiling over with rage, it steamed through the dirty mud puddles.

—Letha McLam

The tiny brown house nestled in under the hill like a frightened little field mouse hiding from a wild thunderstorm.

—Mona Aldrich

The weeping willow tree bent its head in sympathetic sorrow as the girl, leaning against its trunk, read of her lover's death.

—Karlene Russell

The tower looked down from its majestic height and laughed at the ineffectiveness of man; looked up and laughed at the imbecility of the clouds; stood straight and laughed in the teeth of the howling gale, yet fell beneath the gentle blow of time.

—Isabelle Mugford

JOKES

Miss White: "What would you do to encourage all the rooms to go quietly through the halls?"

Miss Hoffman in reading class: "Miss Cowling, pronounce he-n.

Dot. Cowling: "Hen."

Miss Hoffman: "Whoops, be careful. You are running the hen into (n)."

Sepulchral

Timid Little Referee: "Now the last thing I wish is any unpleasantness."

Burly Footballer: "Any more last wishes?"

Heady Thought

Headmaster: "And how did you get the idea of becoming a teacher?"

Applicant: "I thought that the black-board would set off my blond hair so beautifully."

Could Trust Mother

As Mr. Caveman was gnawing at a bear-bone in his cave one morning, his wife rushed in screaming.

"Quick, George!" she shouted, "Get your club!"

"What's up?" he asked.

"Mother's out there, and there's a sabre-tooth tiger coming!" gasped his wife.

Mr. Caveman returned to his bone. "And why should I care," he grunted, "what happens to a sabre-toothed tiger?"

In mother's day the girls went to school to pursue learning. Now it seems, girls go to school to learn pursuing.

Then there is that certain Irishman who went to the zoo and looked at a giraffe. After surveying the creatures skeptically, he said, "Ye can't fool me. There **ain't no** such animal."

We Wondered Too

Miss Wilson (in Current Events class, to Elsie Tucker): "What man did the most for international peace in 1935?"

Elsie: "Rear-Admiral Richard E. Byrd because of his establishing friendly relations at the South Pole."

Miss Wilson: "Do you mean he established friendly relations with the penguins?"

I. Mugford to Miss Frisby as they looked at the Freshman Class pictures: "This picture looks more natural of Miss Wilson."

Miss Frisby: "Yes, her mouth is open."

Miss Frisby to Kenneth Stockman: "How do you think we can get more men interested in the teaching profession?"

Stockman: "By putting some of the women out of it."

'Lola Currier: "Of what does the Imperial diet of Japan consist?"

Clara Webster: "Soy-beans and rice."

Miss Wilson to Geog. Class: "As we discuss Asia, what impression do you get?"

C. Webster: "The more you talk about it the less I know."

They laughed when he sat down to the piano. How was he to know it was a modernistic book case?

Sign on Guest-room Door

If you feel like driving, there are hammer and nails in the closet.

Wilfred Elliott says, "To find the amount of material needed to make a baby's dress you multiply the baby's length by the distance around the baby's waist."

Miss Frisby: "What did the man think he was going to die of?"

L. Sawyer: "Canker."

Miss Frisby: "Write the word mucilage."

Kay Munn: "Will it be all right if I write glue?"

Miss White: "Give me an example of a Good Samaritan."

Mona Aldrich: "If someone saw a little dog with a broken leg and took him home and cared for him, it would be an example of a Good Samaritan."

Miss White: "Well, I don't know that I would actually go to the dogs."

L. McLam: "Helium is an intangible gas used for inflation."

Miss Smelker: "I don't know whether you mean inflation of money or what."

THE PEFECT FRESHMAN GIRL

1. Hair like Stockman's.
 2. Eyes like Letha McLam's.
 3. Nose like Shirley Chase's.
 4. Mouth like Elsie Rollins'.
 5. Teeth like Viola Currier's.
 6. Complexion like Alpa Swett's.
 7. Figure like Marjorie Smith's.
 8. Feet like Clara Webster's.
 9. Hands like Esther Beck's.
 10. Dances like Eleanor Scott.
 11. Ears like Betty Hubbard's.
 12. An imagination like Alice Griggs'.
 13. An ambition like Karlene Russell's.
 14. Self-confidence of Isabelie Mugford.
 15. Singing voice of Mona Aldrich.
 16. Disposition like Alice Cass'.
 17. The demureness of Elsie Tucker.
 18. Independence of Zeda Chaffee.
 19. The wit of Kay Munn.
 20. The Philosophy of Viola Currier.
-

Did You Know That We Have in Our Class —

1. Three Fords and a Page.
2. A high "Peake".
3. A Stock-man.
4. Two dictionary compounders "Websters".

5. Some "Munn".
6. A merry "Chase".
7. Someone at our "Beck" and call.
8. Chill "Blaine" and a good "Swett".
9. A famous author — "Scott".
10. A "Simps'son".
11. A "Patter's son".
12. Another famous author — "Elliot".
13. A "Currier" of hides.
14. Curtis and Curtis Publishing Co.
15. We have the famous painting of "Mona" Lisa.
16. A "Sawyer".
17. Little Tommy Tucker and old Mother Hubbard.
18. Several Alice's to wear blue gowns.
19. A bird — Martin.
20. Besides ordinary Fords we have a Mugford.
21. A soft Russell.
22. A famous author's middle name; James "Whitcomb" Riley.
23. Henry Ford as president of our class.
24. A Smith — (gold, silver or black).
25. And last but not least, a Dean.

WHAT L. N. S. HAS BEEN DOING IN 1936

January 16

Entertainment of a lecture by Miss Wilson, followed by a dance. We came away with a new feeling about "Words" and a tired feeling in our feet.

January 18

Barge Ride

A nice cold ride to Sheffield, warm supper and singing, and a sleepy homeward trip.

January 22-24

Exams

A hurry and a scurry for notes and on every hand: "I hope she doesn't ask us about that", "Do you know anything about this?"

February 6

Operetta

Magic was performed and we were the Japanese characters of the "Mikado".

February 10-14

Scout Week

Lectures, fun, and tenderfoot exams all crowded into the afternoons of one week with Mrs. Ballard, Scout Leader.

February 14

Valentine Dance

Hearts everywhere, even the human ones danced with ecstasy.

February 20

Miss Simpson's Talk

An instructive talk about the Works Progress Administration was given by a lady who is the leader of this state's work for women.

February 21

Deputy Commissioner Carl J. Batchelder with "Well Ventilated Rural Schools". We always welcome him back.

February 24 — March 20

Practice Period

One half of the Junior class tried their luck at real work for four weeks. Lesson plans and supplementary readers were everywhere.

March 6

Verlyn Party

The losers treated the winners with punch, dancing (old ones too), and games. Much excitement!

March 27 — April 7

Vacation

Good times of another sort! Rest and sleep for many; excitement and change for all.

April 7 - 10

Extension Week

A week crowded to the brim with a tea, sugar party, lecture, talks, demonstrations and reading of poetry. Everyone enjoyed the whirl. The Easter Service was an inspiration to all — we hope Rev. LeRoy Rice may come again.

April 16

Miss Fuller's Talk

Miss Fuller took us with her on a trip to France and Europe. We wondered how she could crowd so much into one summer vacation.

April 10 - 18

Senior Trips

Boston and New York were the Senior destinations and they certainly "did" those cities. They saw so many things they were speechless at times, but not all the time.

April 20 — May 15

Practice Period

The other half of the Junior class experimented for four weeks. Units and methods of review were discussed and discussed some more.

May 22 - 24

Open House

A week-end of new acquaintances, a round of classes, a circus, an out-door breakfast, and mansion hunting for the newcomers; a good time for all.

June 6 - 15

Commencement

Caps and Gowns, evening dresses and old fashioned ones, too, heralded the events of the last two weeks of school. Good-byes and promises of letters (we wondered when we should meet again).



Class of 1919

Left to right:

Back row—Mary Nichols, Vera Edmunds, Theda Sheldon, Evelyn Hamilton, Miss Eliza Allen, Grace Pearl;

Third row—Elsene Dresser, Ruth Houghton, Gladys McNally, Bessie Randall;

Second row—Edna Welch, Ella Gray, Maverin Cilley;

First row—Leda Hawkins, Jane Lawson, Grace Chandler.

HISTORY ON PARADE

In 1912 the State Board of Education established a one year training course which took the place of the senior year in high school. This was established at Lyndon Center under the leadership of Miss Eleanor Cloudman, who taught all the classes.

Classes were held only in the morning. The afternoon was devoted to observation in the schools and there was no regular practice period. However, if a teacher in the graded schools was ill the training girls took full charge of the room.

At graduation, the girls received their regular diploma from Lyndon Institute with a certificate from the State, signifying that they were now teachers.

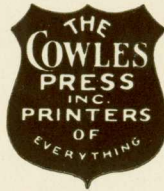
In 1913 Miss Eliza C. Allen, an excellent teacher determined to build up the training schools of the state, came to Lyndon to carry on the work. She was here nine years and under her able guidance the school developed rapidly and the second year course was established. We have received a most interesting letter from Miss Allen in which she tells of personal incidents. "In 1921 the Institute was destroyed by fire and our classes were held in Sanborn House. My office was one book case. I should like to see the wonderful equipment you have now. In the early days we were all housed in Mathewson House and one of the high lights was the two weeks quarantine for scarlet fever. A daily paper was issued and with snow shoeing and skating on the meadow, the time slipped by quickly."

During the last nine years, since Miss Bole has been principal of the school, rapid progress has been achieved. The school has received an increase in its support from the state, much recognition from other higher institutions of learning, has seen many good records made by its graduates in the teaching field, and the establishment of a third year course — in short the progressive evolution of a standardized normal school. The library has grown from a mere handful of books to a usable library of five or six thousand volumes. The enrollment has increased greatly, until now our school numbers nearly one hundred.

So Lyndon Normal School — we hail thee; we are proud of your past, we glory in the success of your present and we wish you a still greater future.

R. Farmer

E. Fee



School Annuals, Commencement Invitations and Programs, Wedding Invitations and Announcements, are some of the items we pride ourselves on—but we print anything that's printable.

In our Gift Shop you will find everything that the name implies.

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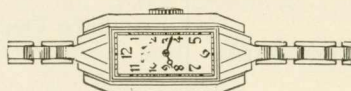
DOLLARS AND SENSE

Nine out of ten college graduates rise to large salaries and positions of responsibility and trust. The earning power of a college degree is estimated to be 100,000 dollars more than a high school diploma.

For one dollar, fifty dollars!

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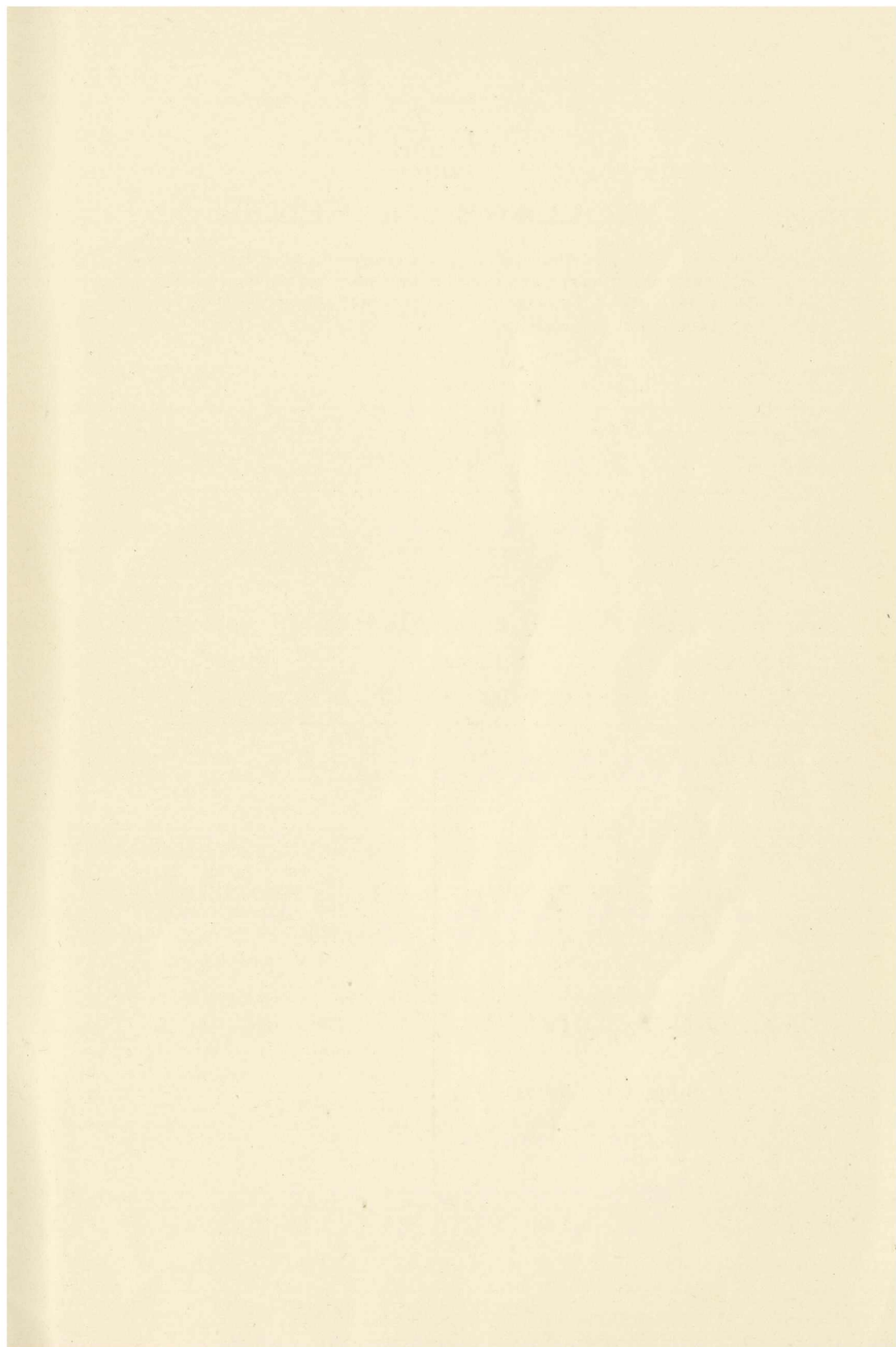
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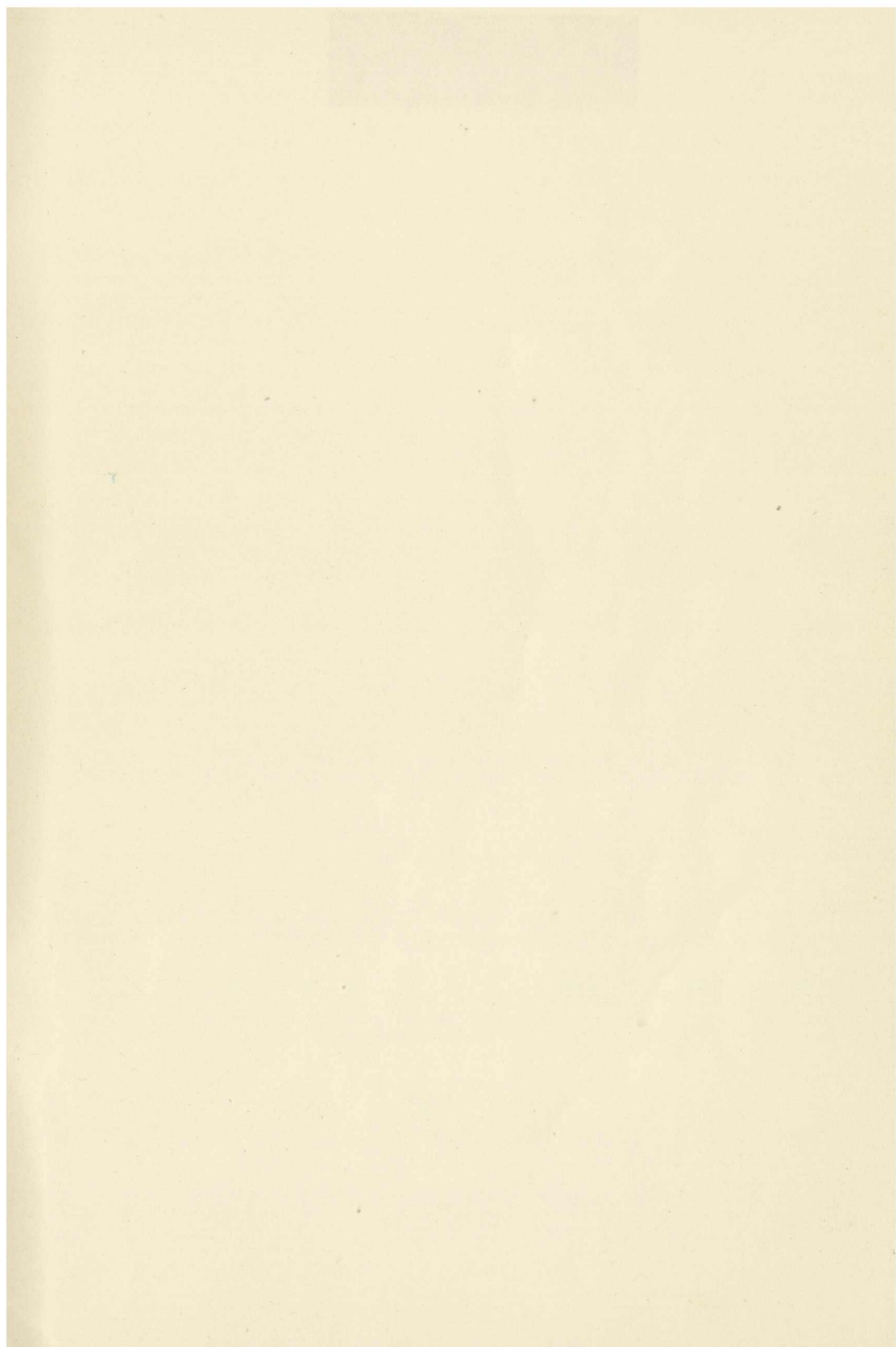
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